

The OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 19 OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA
PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE SURGEON GENERAL OF THE ARMY

VOL. IV

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1919

No. 4



A VISTA OF THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS

Photo by Robinson

A \$360 Bonus?

Yes, if Congressman Weaver's bill to pay every man in service \$30 a month for every month he served up to one year goes through. The text of this bill was published in The Citizen of July 28.

Congress will soon pass or defeat Mr. Weaver's bill.

The Citizen's Washington Correspondent will have the news to you within a few hours after Congress has acted.

Read the Citizen for news of the world and Washington news that affects you.

THE ASHEVILLE CITIZEN YOUR NEWSPAPER

On Sale Every Morning at the Canteen

Come on Buddies; Here's Your Chance Jobs for All in the Medical Corps

Don't talk about hard times and the difficulty of landing a good position. Uncle Sam, the biggest, fairest and squarest employer in the world, has just the place all waiting for you with the Medical Department of the army.

What if your arm is still stiff from that wound they handed you in Flanders, or your eyesight impaired from that bursting shell in the Argonne and you are disqualified for the dough-boys? Try the Medics—they need brave and courageous men, and the physical requirements are easier.

It is the second highest branch of the service

Think of the Advantages Offered You

In civilian life you deduct food, quarters, clothing and entertainment from your pay. With the Medical Corps you deduct—NOTHING—from your pay. Uncle Sam furnishes all that along with salary. Make a comparison.

The peace-time army differs vastly from the war-time army.

You are certain of your job from day to day.

Don't Worry—Join the Medical Corps and Let Uncle Sam Do It

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SURGEON GENERAL

The OTEEN

(Indian for "Chief Aim")

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Vol. IV

Saturday, August 9, 1919

No. 4

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice, Oteen, N. C. Subscription rates, \$1.00 for seventeen weeks, postpaid. Five cents the copy.

Surgeon General Blue, late of the Navy, but now of the Public Health service, has been talking a bit for publication lately—upon a subject far away from war, yet very close to the individual, which is "Keeping cool." He says in part:

"It is usually not difficult to keep comfortable even in hot weather, provided one observes a few simple precautions. Bathe as often as you can practically, in tepid water—or under the shower; keep cool by dressing in light clothing. The decrees of fashion should give way to the decrees of good sense. Light-colored clothing is, of course, cooler than dark colored, and cotton or linen cooler than woolen.

The question of diet is very important. Just as an engineer keeps his fire low when there is no call for heat, so a sensible soldier will reduce the amount of food in his daily diet. This is a simple thing to do in summer, for an abundance of fresh fruits and vegetables are available from which to make excellent meals. Moreover, the use of such foods is decidedly beneficial, for they supply important elements, such as mineral salts and vitamins required by the body. So far as protein is concerned, crackers and milk are excellent sources of this important element of food.

A sojourner in New York recently saw a man in the uniform of a major of infantry, with a discharge chevron on his arm, serving as traffic policeman on upper Broadway.

On the front platform of a cross-town car a former sergeant of artillery, likewise with a discharge chevron, managed the controller.

In a little clothing store, a former lieutenant in the air service dispensed neckties—from 50 cents to "two and a half."

And in a down-town sky-scraper a former buck-private of engineers sat down again to his desk as secretary to the manager of a great corporation, practically assistant executive in the handling of a thousand men.

In a well-known cafe a bronzed youngster with a discontented face mourned to an acquaintance that he "couldn't find anything worth while to do! Pounding the typewriter in the old man's office don't seem real, after bossing a quarter of a thousand doughboys in France!"

And in Col. Wood's office a group of ex-sergeants and ex-corporals who had managed sections and squads on the Western Front, stood in line for an "outdoor job with he-men!"

What is worth while?"

What else than the things that is at hand to do, if one cannot afford nor has the opportunity to pick and choose.

Of course, shooting taxicabs out of the way of surface cars in monotonous to that traffic cop who may have directed the fire of 12 "seventy-fives" against the Huns—if he lets it be.

And, of course, discoursing on the relative merits of mottled four-in-hands, and speckled scarfs must be tame to the one-time voyager above the clouds.

And in all likelihood twirling the controller and the brake switch on a bumpy, jumpy, flat-wheeled cross-town trolley palls on a man who had taken a 155-howitzer through the Argonne.

But you can bet on these three Yanks winning out over the cafe loafer who groused because he can't find "anything worth while."

You can bet on them beating the callers on Col. Woods, if these latter stand around too long waiting for something to suit their fancy.

It is well and good to seek the place "bossing a quarter of a thousand huskies."

But the best way to get the job you want is to do your darndest on the job you have, or the job you can get.

Nothing is so catching—as loafing.

Nothing is so hurtful to manner, bearing, ability to do—as contentment and grousing.

And above all else, nothing so damns a man with all his neighbors as being "sorry for himself."

We cannot all be so lucky as the ex-private of engineers who has stepped back into the very high-road of opportunity. But we can remember that we have as much chance to find that high road, as he has of wandering off it.

And when we are discharged, we can do these things: Keep your backs straight, your hats level on our heads, our hands out of our pockets, our eyes clear, and our clothes clean, our faces shaved and our hair cut.

And having done this, we'll find rather generally that we face the daily work with a better spirit, and the prospect of the thrill-less civilian task as at least giving an opportunity to prove what capacity for better things lies within us.

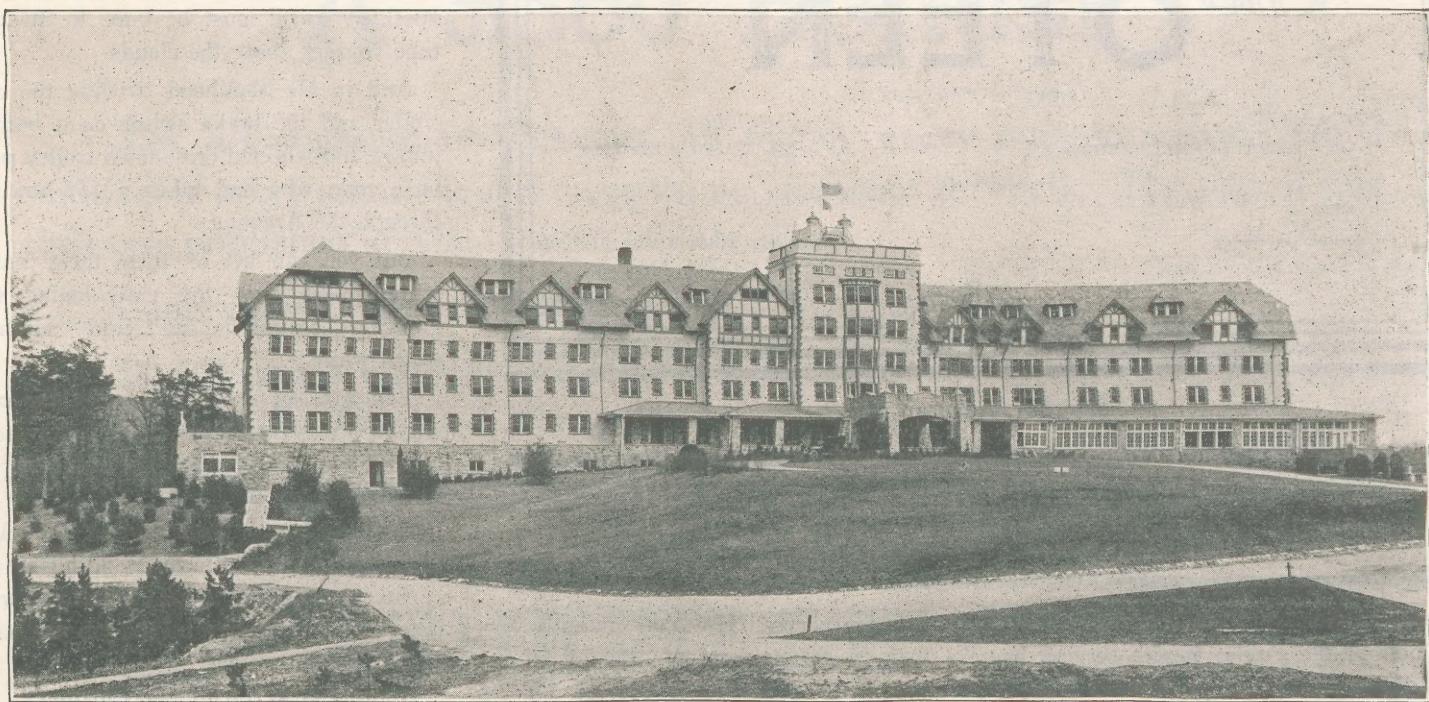
The old football slogan, "Hit the line hard," worked well against the Boche.

It will work again in the busy civilian world that already is getting, perhaps, a little weary of our tales of France.

—“The Come Back.”



U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 12, BILTMORE



KENILWORTH CLOSING SEPTEMBER 1

Word has drifted over the hill that our next door neighbor, U. S. Army General Hospital No. 12, Biltmore, is officially closing on September 1st. The hospital proper, as is generally known, is the new Kenilworth Hotel property, which was taken over in January, 1918, before its completion by the government to be used as a general military hospital. The War Department sent in a clean-up detachment of medicos, who had the place functioning within three months, as one of the government's most modern and efficient institutions—specializing in hernia, empyema and general surgical cases.

At the height of the "flu" epidemic the General Hospital at Hot Springs, N. C., was hit by a typhoid epidemic, mostly among the interned war prisoners. Special cars rushed 250 of the more serious cases to Kenilworth where, in the final showing, there was a 99 per cent. cure.

Col. Moschowitz, head of the Empyema commission, with his staff, centered their work and efforts at Kenilworth for four months, rendering invaluable service to the War Department, as well as to the medical profession in their cures and treatises.

Since the armistice a great percentage of overseas cases have comprised the patient entrants—officers, nurses and enlisted men—for general hospitalization.

Oteen's first detachment of fifty men were assigned from Kenilworth fifteen

months ago, most of whom have gone the discharge road.

General Twelve has had a patient receiving capacity of about 350 patients, and on duty since the beginning have been about 250 detachment men, 75 nurses and a staff of 50 officers. For general climatic conditions—and a hospital site—Kenilworth has proven the ideal institution.

The enlisted and commissioned personnels, it is understood, will be discharged on the date of disbandment, and the property revert back to the hotel owners to open January 1st as one of America's premier hostelleries.

"Welcome the soldiers' brides," says The Legion Weekly in the following editorial in the current number of the magazine of the national organization of American veterans of the Great War:

"More than 18,000 young women of France, England, Ireland and Scotland have come to our shores as citizens, as the brides of men who were in service. These girls in their own way are as brave as the men they married. Each left home to fare in a country whose manners and customs, ways of life and thought are strange to them. In the case of the French girls they must learn a new language.

"Each community or neighborhood in which they are to reside should bid them welcome and accept them with a spirit of true hospitality, which embraces sympathy and understanding."

PROMOTIONS

Effective August first the following promotions, Medical Department, this Post, were made:

Pvt. 1st Cl. Burl A. Callan to Corporal.

Pvt. 1st Cl. Robert W. Lynn and Pvt. 1st Cl. Henry Sontag to grade of Corporal Buglers.

Pvt. 1st Cl. Alfred E. Brown, Frank Carli, W. Edward W. Dempsey, Roscoe Eubank, Robert E. Holdsamback, Anson Monroe, Ernest Ray, Vincent Saia are hereby rated Nurse, Medical Department.

Pvt. Rayford Bagwell, Edgar Broashere, Jos. Caviola, Roy Collins, Frank A. Condrat, Jos. Dolk, Isaac W. Dickson, Fred W. Floyd, Charlie G. Foster, Hardy F. Frazier, Louis Goodman, Fedele Gorzia, Bud Grizzle, General C. Hill, Lawrence M. Hood, William G. Morgan, Frank E. Graves, Wm. R. Jones, Roland Kite, Domiano Loretto, Thos. W. Monroe, Ed. Nobles, Ernest E. Pryor, John F. Reigle, Abijah Sheffield, Venton M. Stevens, John A. Strand, James M. Ward, Jesse M. Willingham, Albert E. Perry, Charlie Yoemans, Thos. B. Patrick are promoted to grades of Pvt. 1st Cl., Medical Department.

THE OFFICER ON DUTY

She was the fair wife of a banker,
Who slept while her yacht was at anchor,

She awoke in dismay

To hear the mate say,

"Now hoist up the top sheet and spanker!"

CAPS & CAPE

Deo et Humanitate

EFFICIENCY

The efficiency of the Oteen M. P. force is indeed "a thing of beauty and a joy forever!"

The remarkable amount of intention intelligence, and the capable manner in which they handle the many most difficult "Post-Problems" is quite marvellous. For example two nurses (on leave) accompanied by two civilians, when returning to camp one night were accosted by three of our capable M. P. force, by Baron Behun's Wayside Inn. Like infants, easily amused the said M. P.'s derived much pleasure and enjoyment from playing their flash lights on the occupants of the machine. The following highly instruction conversation then took place:

"Who are yuse?"
"Sure y' ain't nurses?"
"Gemme yure passes!"

A wild scramble for the pass by all three then took place. After a fifteen-minute perusal of pass, scanning it from top to bottom, inside out and wrong side up, the valiant guardians of Oteen morals and military law discovered they had only one pass. Inquiries were then made for the others. Upon being informed that both names were on one pass they again read it longitudinally, transversally on the blank side, and on the typed side.

More brilliant remarks than Baron Behun was summoned from his downey cot so that the correct time might be ascertained. It seems the representatives of the Pinkerton service did not possess a time-piece.

Baron in stentorian tones announced it was 12:40 a. m. After a lengthy discourse it was decided by the M. P.'s that the nurses were ten minutes late. After reaching this brainy conclusion the Intelligence Force admonished the culprits and ordered them to appear at the C. O.'s office in the morning. The party then re-

sumed its travel toward the Administration Building.

Moral to Nurses—leave Asheville fifteen minutes early to allow for detention and instruction from the "Brains of Oteen," namely, the M. P. Force!

Moral to M. P.'s—sell the flash light and try a match.



There was a young lady named "Snyder,"
Who one day swallowed a spider,
She called Doctor Hayes
And he used the X-rays
And found the big bug right inside-her.



Suppose you should Walkup on John (s) son with an Ott (o) man at a Chappell, what would be the pass word?

Answer: Kelloggs.



Four little Aides, sitting 'neath a tree,
Along came a Major, then there were
three.
Three little Aides, looking very blue,
A Hospital Inspector toddled up, then
there were two.
Two little Aides, feeling they'd been done,
But along came a Captain, then there
was one.
One little Aide, ready for a cry,
Along came a shavetail, but he walked
right by!



WANTED—A quiet spot on the reservation for the patient nurses in Ward No. 2, to rest between the hours of 1-3, as it seems necessary to apply cut-outs when passing the above-named Ward.



SHIPS

A ship there sailed—my dreams return
To the days of yesteryear,
To the night of bliss—the parting kiss,
The ship that brought me here!

A ship will sail—my visions turn
Once more to the bounding foam,
To love's sweet charms, the waiting arms,
To the ship that brings me home!



Dear Marion:

I was tickled to death to hear from you. So you get copies of Oteen from both the Q. P Captain and the Serg., and you notice that Uncle Dudley wrote the same thing in six different ways? Yes, I know he has trouble in that way before but you have to excuse people when they get that old. You know, their brains stutter. Why, just by looking at his scripture you can see his condition. So don't be tempted to say mean or narrow minded things.

They discharged about thirty nurses this week and with ten on leave and ten more sick, we are all back to the "doubling-up" schedule we used to work on. From now on, this should be advertised as a "Reduction Plant for Fat Nurses."

I do not know what in the world Quarters 3 will do without Danny Rusty and Griffin. I am afraid they will go to bed before midnight for lack of excitement. Too bad Griffin is leaving just as her nice, fat, blond Lieut bought a flivver to take her ridings in. And she had learned to run it, too!

The A. N. C. Cavalry has become more active of late. They ride Post horses. We can always tell a nurse who has been writing the night before by the way she works the next day.

Yours with a painful memory,
HELEN.

SPORTS

HAIL NEW ATHLETIC DIRECTOR

Capt. I. H. Alexander has taken charge of all athletics at the camp and is sparing no time and effort to produce a first-class baseball team here. Capt. Alexander is a real live wire and an energetic booster, which was evidenced by the increased interest and enthusiasm displayed by the fans in Saturday's game.

The team is now coached by Capt. Stewart M. Alexander, coach of the University of W. & J. Three new players have already been added to the team, and Capt. Alexander is on the lookout for new recruits. Every one who can play is urged to come out for practice.

Come on fellows. Let's go! Let's all get behind the team and, if we can't play ourselves, let's show them that we are behind them from start to finish, even tho they do not win every game. The support that a team receives from the fans plays a great part in winning games, so everybody boost!

GET OUT TO OUR GAMES

We could have been ashamed of ourselves if we'd all witnessed the crowd at the Kenilworth-Asheville game this past week. Patients in wheel chairs, on crutches—some unable to talk from the ill effects of gas—all kinds and conditions. Yet every durned man there put every ounce of pep he could in rooting for his outfit. They've got the spirit, and the team will produce winning ball for such a good crowd of boosters. Listen, we've got a collection of players that with a month's boosting will lick the spots out of their weight in wildcats. Stick to our team—follow them to the games—and right or wrong—holler to beat Hell for 'em.

OTEEN DEFEATS GEORGIA MILITARY ACADEMY

Our newly organized ball team payed it's first game last Saturday afternoon against the team from Georgia Military Academy. The game was long drawn out and one sided, our boys winning easily by a score of 16 to 6. The opposing team was composed of youngsters and did not give our boys an opportunity to extend themselves. McClellan pitched for Oteen and, as usual, pitched a brilliant, steady game. The little southpaw has a world of stuff, and promises to be a valuable man to the team.

Campbell started for the visitors but was driven from the mound in the third inning by an avalanche of hits, Harvey relieving him. The leading features of the visitors playing were a fast double play and the fielding of Kaiser.

The score by innings is as follows:

	R. H. E.
G. M. A.	001 200 3—6 8 6
Oteen	043 234 x—16 15 5

Batteries: Campbell, Harvey and Williams, Clayton; McClellan and Downey.

INTER-ALLIED CONTEST TO BOOM ATHLETICS HERE

Captain R. A. P. Holderly, formerly A. A. U. commissioner at Joliet, and assistant to Coach Harry Gill at the University of Illinois, predicts a big boom in athletics. He has just returned from France. He was athletic director at the forwarding camp at Le Mans and officiated at the inter-Allied games.

"The two sets of championship games brought out a lot of new talent and incidentally enabled Americans to prove conclusively that they are the peers of any athletes in the world," said Captain Holderly.

REORGANIZED OTEENERS DEFEAT MONTREAT

Rapping on the pill for hits when needed, our new Oteen team, greatly strengthened, took the Montreat aggregation under cover by the tune of 8 to 3 on Tuesday. The game was never in doubt, the soldiers outclassing the "cits" at every turn of the game.

Captain Alexander in efforts to reorganize his team so that he may compete with other teams in this section of the state, tried out three pi'chers at the game, all of whom showed up exceedingly well. Simmons was the first on the mound for the soldiers and for six innings twirled excellent ball, holding the losers to three hits. Sutton relieved him in the seventh and experienced no trouble in keeping the Montreat players in check. Antley was the last pitcher used and he proved to be a find. He was formerly a member of the North Carolina league, and in 1915 pitched for the Cleveland Indians.

The fast fielding and base running of Mickels, who played right field and later relieved Hayes at third for the soldiers, was a feature of the game, while Boyce, left Gardner for the losers, put up a fine exhibition in the field, robbing the soldiers of several hits.

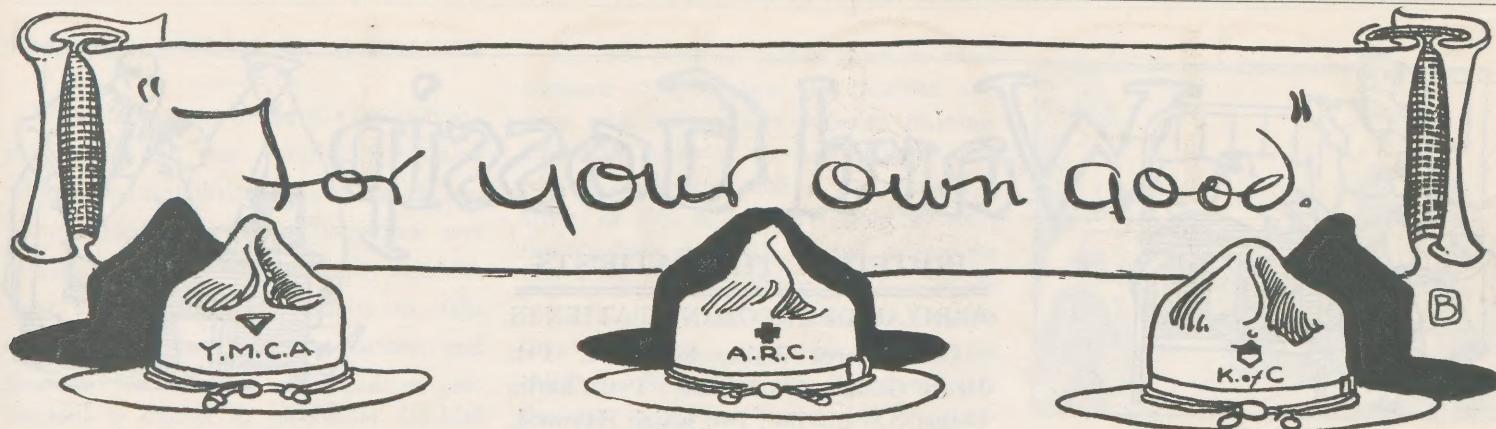
The score follows:

Montreat	010 000 001—3 5 6
Oteen	200 402 00x—8 7 3

Batteries: Archer, Iverson and Reed; Simmons, Antley and Downey. Umpires: Williams and Farley.

A MODERN CAESAR

A Red Cross man in the recreation room of one of the Debarkation Hospitals offered to send a telegram home for a returning wounded soldier. This is what the boy dictated: "Debarked, deloused, delighted. Jim."



Welcome! Friend Lambader. Goodbye Friend Waite.

▽ ▽

Any one doubting the efficiency of prayer should change his or her mind after what happened on Tuesday night. The Hon. L. L. Jenkins made it possible for the watermelon prayer to be answered. It was good measure and well pressed down, too.

▽ ▽

Conrad Carter says he didn't get his candy. The other fellow on N-2 say they didn't either. Mystery!

▽ ▽

The Baracas and Philatheas of the First Baptist Church, of Asheville, gave a social on last Friday night for the Oteen boys. The turn out was not what it should have been, but those who did go are ready and waiting for the next invitation, and say that they are going to take along a bunch the next time. The program was fine and the watermelon excellent. The only kick comes from Armantrout who says that they did not offer him seconds.

▽ ▽

The Victrola and the record, "I'm a Jazz Baby," are much in demand.

▽ ▽

Every fellow connected with the "Y" misses Mrs. Morriss, but we welcome heartily Miss Payne. Our hope is that our relations in the future may be just as happy as they have been in the past.

▽ ▽

The party given last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Anders was a most delightful affair. Those fortunate enough to get to attend came home with most pleasant smiles on their countenances. Many of the games were those played back home, and made a fellow feel like he was at Home Sweet Home again.

▽ ▽

K. P. ing up a building is a snap, but who wants a snap

A number of changes have been made in the Red Cross staff at Oteen: Mr. Frank Lambader, formerly Field Director at Camp Gordon, succeeds Mr. Waite as Field Director. Mr. Lambader, a lawyer by profession, has had a great deal of experience in Red Cross work, and is entering into his new work here with enthusiasm.

++

Miss Margaret Payne, who has just returned from nine months service with the Red Cross overseas, has taken the position of House Mother, which was left vacant by the resignation of Mrs. Morriss. Mrs. Morriss, who is planning to take a long rest, will be greatly missed by her many friends at Oteen.

++

Mr. T. R. Lombard, Director of Military Relief of the Southern Division of the Red Cross, and formerly Field Director at Oteen, has been spending several days at Oteen. Miss Susannah Wetmore, of Asheville, Secretary of the Hospital Ward Music Committee, provides afternoon musical programs for the Infirmary wards. This past week a number of talented singers and musicians have entertained the men in these wards.

++

On Monday evening, August fourth, the Detachment entertained with a dance at the Red Cross House. About seventy-five young ladies and chaperones from Asheville were the guests of the evening.

++

Bill Barton, at the Red Circle Club, is putting on some nice programs. Mrs. Burns, the soldier's friend, looks after the comfort of each individual. They are a *real* team.

PROGRAM FOR WEEK ENDING AUGUST 16TH

Monday	Open Night
Tuesday	Detachment men's dance
Wednesday	Colored entertainment
Thursday	Open night
Friday	Open night
Saturday	Detachment men's dance
Sunday	Movies (out doors)

★ ★

Bloom says, "Home was never like this! It was a damsite better!"

★ ★

Did the fans make an improvement in the atmosphere Saturday? I'll say they did and so say the dancers. They, together with iced punch, made dancing a real pleasure.

★ ★

We received a new shipment of creature comforts this week. Come in and get your share. We try to have cigarettes on the trays all the time. If you don't see any ask for them.

★ ★

Bill is feeling much better and expects to be with us soon.

★ ★

Joe will be back Wednesday.

★ ★

WANTED—Some one to fix the pianola rolls and everybody to place them back in their respective boxes when finished playing.

★ ★

We were sorry to say good-bye to Bill and Mrs. Lanning. "Mike" says, "the Co. is all shot now!"

★ ★

DONT FORGET—Mass is celebrated every morning at seven.



MRS. ELIZABETH C. MORRISS

Lady, you have done your duty
All that gives to life its charm,
And we hope that God will keep thee
And thy people safe from harm
Ever shall thy name and story
Give the heart a peaceful thrill,
Though our stay here will soon be over
To think of you we always will!

—F. E. A. I-10.

★ ★

One of Buckeye's State soldier sons, 1st Cl. Pvt. Alfred C. Hostet, of Ward H-7, with a world's standing record of 82 beers at one sitting, is raising—nay, is growing a soft, silky, downy mustache. He says it is only a week old, and sighs. Cheer up Al, three weeks' growth at that rate, and with a pass to town, you will have a long, long trail of chickens winding after you. Attaboy Al, more power to you!

★ ★

Pvt. Gibbs of Ward I-10 claims to have lost some weight while home on his furlough. The loss must have been in bone Rufus, for those 12-inch piano legs of yours, do not show much decrease.

★ ★

WANTED—Cushioned electric rolling chair equipped with standard liberty motor for Sarge Ol' boy in Ward I-10. Must be a self-starter. Also, telephone connection for Bed No. 23. We know doc, how it is, you have our sympathy, those fair Lizzie's sure are a bothersome lot, moreso at night after 10 o'clock.

★ ★

A wonderful bird is the Pelican,
His beak holds more than his belly can,
He holds in his beak
Enough to last a week,
But I don't see how in the Hellican.

—Sgt. I R. C. Ward H-5.

Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

ARRIVAL OF INCOMING PATIENTS

Cook George White, 804 Inf.; Pvt. Henry Gaskin, 438 Lb. Bn.; Pvt. Charlie Cotton, 325 Lb. Bn.; Pvt. Elijah Haywood, 369 Inf.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Needon White, 830 M. T. Co.; Pvt. Richard Washington, 831 M. T. Co.; Pvt. M. J. Robinson, 810 Pion. Inf.; Pvt. James Tolbert, 416 Serv. Bn.; Pvt. Willie Holt, 315 Lb. Bn.; Sgt. B. F. Church, 302 Stev. Bn.; Pvt. 1st Sl. George Flanney, 850 M. T. Co.; Pvt. Jerry Hall, 546 Engrs.; Pvt. James McNeill, 345 Lb. Bn.; Pvt. John Richardson, 320 Lb. Bn.; Pvt. Will Irby, 73 Co.; M. D. Repl.; Pvt. Sam Goodman, 435 Engrs.; Pvt. Ditchler White, 806 Pion. Inf.; Pvt. Stephen Jackson, 826 M. T. Co.; Pvt. Joe Good, 374 Lb. Bn.; Pvt. Lester Lomax, 340 Lb. Bn.; Pvt. Jessie E. Parson, 140 Inf.; Pvt. Jasper Wiley, 54 Inf.; Pvt. Roy Huskey, 131 Inf.; Pvt. Will Brewer, 318 B. C.; Cook Frank L. Rawley, 111 F. A.; Cpl. Everett Sommers, Mech, Sch.; Pvt. Harrison Westlake, 5 F. A.; Pvt. Charlie Sykes, 513 Engrs.; Cpl. Wm. Woods, 811 Pion. Inf.; Pvt. 1st Cl. James Robinson, 367 Inf.; Pvt. Adolph Miliner, 305 Lb. Bn.; Pvt. Bennie Jarrells, 314 Lb. Bn.; Pvt. Homer Maxwell, 505 Engrs.; Pvt. James F. Herbert, 804 Pion. Inf.; Pvt. James Ellis, 543 Serv. Bn.; Pvt. Walter P. Hinton, S. A. R. D.; Pvt. Maachi Adkinson, 318 Lb. Bn.; Sgt. August O'Neal, 346 Lb. Bn.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Harry J. Cain, Co. 56 T. C.; Mech. Dennis R. Russ, 54 Co. T. C.; Pvt. 1st Sl. Harvey Greenwalt, 48 Inf.; Pvt. Wiley Blankenship, 4th Amm. Tr.; Pvt. Charley Nason, 28 Inf.; Pvt. Louis Dezer, 305 Engrs.; Pvt. S. Green, 322 F. A.; Cook Finis Green, 163 Inf.; Pvt. Frank R. Jump, Tdq. Co., 35 C. A. C.; Pvt. Joseph Brown, 548 Pion. Inf.; Pvt. Clem Armstrong 323 Ib. Bn.; Pvt. Samuel Smith, 344 Lb. Bn.; Pvt. Tom Dill, Co. 7, Ord. Dep't.; Pvt. G. S. Williams, 1 Pion. Inf.; Pvt. Robert Wakup, Co. 17, Vet. Hosp.; Pvt. David Hicks, 848 M. T. C.; Cpl. Eugene H. Ratliff, Chem. Warfare Serv.; Cpl. T. C. Armstrong, 105 Engrs.; Pvt. 1st Cl. James W. Keys, 323 Inf.; Cpl. Maxwell Anderson, Tdq. Co., 9 Inf.



WHAT TO TELL HER

That you can't bear to talk to that other girl.

That you like to talk to her, because —(any reason).

That she is the only person who seems to understand you.

That there is something mysterious about her.

That she is a wonderful dancer.

That you will tell her about—some other woman.

That you've been disappointed in love.

That you've never been in love.

That her eyes are pretty.

That her hat is pretty.

That nose is pretty.

That her mouth is pretty.

That her hair is pretty.

That her neck is pretty.

Continue ad infinitum.

Pvt. Jesse James, of Ward I-10, a stern advocate of the chow served at the patients' mess hall, is smiling nowadays, Thoughts of that fried chicken, with a glass of blockade as an appetizer when he gets home is the reason.

★ ★

There was a young Aide named "Miss Ball, When war broke out," answered the call,

She was sent to Oteen

And each day may be seen—

She's a worker, you bet, that's all!

★ ★

I was sent to Oteen with T.B.

But they failed to find any on me

I hope soon to go

Up north, don't you know—

My father and mother to see.

★ ★

You're in the army now—

Don't kick about the chow;

For you've lived thro'

Many gallons of stew,

It's no use to kick anyhow!

VOCATIONAL TRAINING A REALITY

With the passage of the \$14,000,000 appropriation bill for vocational training which President Wilson signed a week ago, our disabled soldiers at Oteen can now be assured of being occupationally fitted for their future. The opportunity to take training, in school, shop or factory, and thus rise to the top of one's trade or profession, is offered to physically disabled soldiers who cannot, because of their disability received during service in the army, continue with their former occupations. The training is offered free by the government under the jurisdiction of the Federal Board of Vocational Education. Many men have confused the worth and intent of the Board at Oteen because the representatives were withdrawn (for lack of funds) but with their reinstatement soon it is known much benefit will befall every patient at the Post. For the time being Mr. Wakeman, of the Red Cross, will furnish men with whatever information they desire.

With the coming of the new law the War Risk Insurance Bureau is entirely divorced from this Board, and a man's request will be acted upon promptly. There will be none of the pay delays, and checks will be received promptly every month on the first. Under the new regime it is possible for an application to take training to go through in fifteen days after the soldier has made his desire known and furnished the necessary papers. If you anticipate your discharge, get into touch with the Federal Board, Washington, or Mr. Wakeman, Red Cross Building.

The act recently passed provides more adequate compensation for disabled soldiers who elect to take vocation training. Under the terms of the new bill any man who is discharged with a vocational disability of 10% or over is eligible for vocation training and will receive during the time he is taking training \$80.00 a month if he be single, and one hundred a month if he be married—and proper provision for children. In addition the Board will pay the cost of tuition, books and other expenses, incidental to training. Another important change is that Commissioned Officers, who formerly received base pay while undergoing training, will now receive the same as enlisted men.

Maybe you are way up in the air, so to speak, and do not know what work you want to take up, or what work you are fitted for. The Red Cross workers will be able to offer suggestions and help. Very soon the officials are anticipated from headquarters, and they can make your vocational education a mighty asset to your future business success, personal gratification and happiness.

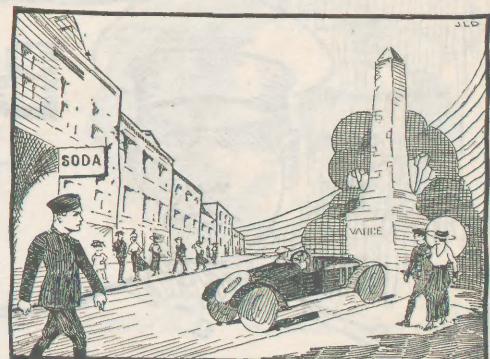
THE ONLY HELP

When the railroads were tied up with the worse glut in history, one train was Fifty-Seven hours late, and a passenger became worried.

"Get me something so that I can figure out when we get to New York," he said to the colored porter.

"Yes, sah, I'll get you a time table, sah," replied the porter.

"Time tabe? H—no, what I want is a calendar.



DOINS OF OUR OWN WHITE WAY

Passed our X-Lieut. Peterson, of salvage fame, on Patton avenue four sheets to the wind last evening. We'll say he's a bear at whatever line he takes up

★ ★

A few minutes later on the same avenue we saw a girl that had all ideas for keeping cool and comfy beat by the length of old Sam South's hairsuit appendage. We can't begin to give you a description of what the darling wore—really, it's what she didn't wear that made her so deliciously conspicuous. Old boys and young from the Fort were heaving sighs as the young lady passed them by.

★ ★

Our local champions at baseball, down at the heels for a time, are on the mend. We got a college coach, en every lil' thing. We're hoping they'll play more ball, and do less crabbing than the other bunch of opera artists did.

★ ★

The Army and Navy Journal is ruled off our library table ever since it reported Sec. Baker's remarks in regard to discharges by September 30th, as being misquoted.

★ ★

Lt. S. C. D. Stenbuck has left our midst and gone back to doctoring. So goes the finest mustache on the Post.

★ ★

Speaking of the summer crowds, notice the assortment of characters that now habitate Sputum Square—ranging from diapers to chin-whiskers.

★ ★

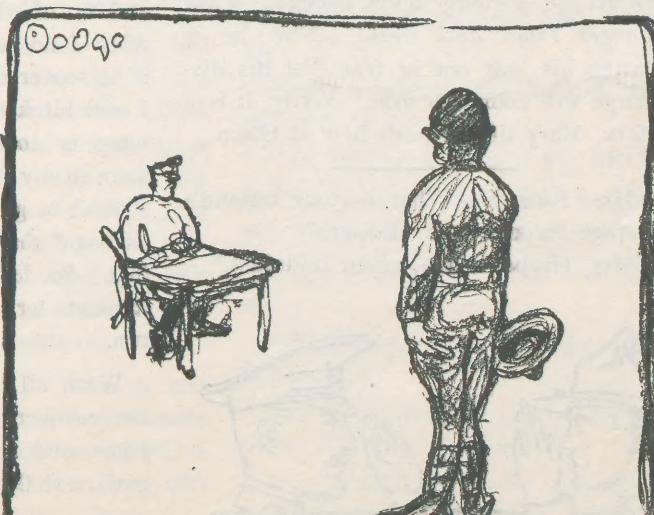
Let's see—congress taking a vacation for six weeks—demobilization in then offing at least two months—then four months packed on that for the end of the emergency. Gad, ain't it hell not to be a circular 77 man, or a consciousless liar?

★ ★

Writing this column is something like getting a Ford to running—it ain't half so bad after you get it started!

HIS DOVE

Their faces were hidden
Behind a parasol I
Merely saw their
Feet and heard them
Talk. He kept calling
Her: "My Dove."
I finally concluded
He was right—she was
His dove—because she
Certainly was pigeoned-toed.



SPEAKING OF LITERATURE

H-2—Have you read
"Freckles?"

Re-Aide—No, that's just
my veil.

COLONEL: Jones what are you going to
do when you get out of the army
JONES: Stay out, Sir!



Army Field Clerk Stowers surprised himself and the rest of us the other day by taking upon himself a better half. We hope that his voyage over the treacherous seas of matrimony will be favored by fair winds and sunny skies. Also that from time to time, friend Stowers may add to his cargo such small bundles of Love and Sunshine as he may care to dandle on his knee and tell tales of the battle of Oteen in the years to come.

Here are two problems in modern mathematics:

1. Which makes the most noise—"Woozy" Bass winning a pool game or a gentleman of African descent shooting crap?

2. Which makes the least noise—"Woozy" Bass losing a pool game or a clam sleeping off a jag?

"Spike" Alston, of Birmingham, Ala., is back with us carrying a healthy coat of tan. The shadow declares that if he ever gets a discharge he sure will haunt the old state until he regains the fifteen pounds he has lost during the war.

Our old friend Redwood has been recommended for retirement by the board at Charleston, and is now on a twenty-day leave awaiting action. He will return to the fold before making final adieu.

Officer to recruit: "Have you ever been in the service before?"

Recruit: "Yes, sir."

Officer: "Your rank?"

Recruit: "I know it!"

Lieut. Freddy Moon sent a S.O.S. call to Ye Editor a few days hence and proceeded to raise Cain about the mention of his accident in the last Oteen. He emphatically denies that he broke a coupling and will bring suit for libel unless that statement is corrected. Said correction reads as follows: Lieut. Freddy Moon is temporarily disabled owing to the fact that a nut on the feed line to the gas tank came loose and thus disabled the carburetor.

Major Dempsey, Captain Farrington and Lt. Cannon have been moved to Ward 2. Something tells us they slipped something over. They serve a la carte meals up on the hill.

Captain Mackintosh came over the mountain from Old Fort in his new Anderson the other day with such speed that he lost a wheel and never knew it until the next morning when he arrived at the garage. We claim that is the record that will stand for all time.

Friend Murray is sure up against it these hot days. A few short weeks ago he was tearing his hair out because he could not get his discharge quick enough. *What changes Times doth work!* Now he is tearing his hair out in fear that his discharge will come too soon. Verily, it is a Mary, Mary life he leads here at Oteen.

Mrs. Russell—"What is your husband's average income, Mrs. Harper?"

Mrs. Harper—"Oh, about midnight."



BILL BLOWS "RETREAT"

Maude, Old dere:—

The end is almost where I kin see it. I got a idear I'm about thru with this soldier business, and soon I'm a-hopin' I kin pack my duds and hit the happy trail what leads ter home. It ain't so often I get a thrill these days any more, but gosh amighty when I had the dope spilled ter me that, luck holdin' good and all the breaks goin' for me, I might shed this outfit and climb inter a regeler collection of close, and this happenin' real soon, I jest tinkled frum my toe-nails ter my campaign hat. Seems funny now, but that's jest the way I felt when I first got inter the khaki. Only then I thought I had the big adventure a head of me, and now I nos that the big adventure wuz'nt so big and the only advetnure wuz in coffee coolin'. I'm a thinkin' when I steps out of the square-toed shoes and high-standin' collar fer the last time it will be fer keeps. This war game is over fer quite a spell, if there's any truth to this League of Notions, and it won't be so many years before I'm out of the soldierin' age.

But don't think it ain't with a feelin' of regret I goes frum all of this when I does go., I've met sum gosh-darned decent folks in this here army, and I kin say a couple of them were real honest ter goodness men. I ain't had much ter worry about, that's a cinch, and the three-squares came in steady day in day out. The horrors of war never worried me, cause I never got near ter them and the pleasant hours count up jest as many in the final reckonin' as the hours of gloom and disagreeableness. It's jest been a experiance which will add a little color ter the otherwise drab and unruffled flow of my existence. So, when I do say good-bye ter all of this, if it be sooner or later, maybe it will be that I will blink my eyes a little and swaller a lump or somethin' what may be stickin' there in my throat. But don't git an idear I won't be glad ter git out. I should say I will and there won't be no mistake about that. So, let that discharge cum any time it wants ter. I'll be there ter grab it and run.

Warn all the other Johns of yours that the conquering hero is returning ter his home and fire-side ready ter claim his own, and that they had better beat it.

Yours till then,

BILL.



As we sit complacently in this two by four world of ours down here, we lose sight of the trend of events. Big things are stirring these days. We'll find out about them soon enough once we get back home and buck the old game again. The race for the dollar is longer, and the prize smaller. Labor is clamoring for four-hour work days, so it can get six hours overtime. Bolshevism, Socialism and Prohibition are rampant. Grasshoppers, cut-worms and drouth are cutting down the food supply, while gamblers shoot the prices up. The seven year itch of unrest is upon us. No one seems to know where we are or whither we are drifting.

Yes, Peace and Plenty overflow the land. Peace at any price, and Plenty at a heluva price. In fact, after-war portions are the same as war portions with war-tax added. It takes an expert accountant nowadays to determine how much money a man saves by not making any more than the exemption allowed under the income tax. And yet we are optimistic because we think things are better now than they will be after a while. But whoa there! Guess we are preambulating into rather deep water. We thought to write a sensible column this week, but it's hot, dry and mucky. Our B. V. D.'s stick to us like a long lost brother. We'd rather be out fishing than sitting in a stuffy office grinding out copy, but this country is so blamed dry that the fish have dust in their eyes and can't see to bite. We hope the springs go dry and the wells get muddy, just to give the prohibitionists a bellyfull of their own medicine.

But we should worry! Bevo is our friend. We're going out to buy a swig of the stuff right now and we expect to come back in a few minutes smiling like a cotton patch after a spring shower.

RESERVE OFFICERS' COMPENSATION

While the war department has done nothing to encourage congress to pass one of the bills providing for the retirement of temporary officers incapacitated during the war, letters from members of both house and senate indicate that the present unjust situation will be remedied.

To many of the tubercular officers at this hospital and other sanatoriums, the passage of a bill providing for the temporary officer in the same manner as the regular is provided for, means the difference between life and death. For any one to oppose letting the temporary officer who is thus pose the bill is to announce himself in favor afflicted, die without receiving any aid from the government he offered his life for.

Nine out of every ten of the temporary officers at this hospital have been in the service longer than the one regular, who has already been before a retiring board. Surely no sane man would attempt to say that this is justice. Unless the bill before the senate (or a like one) is passed, the balance of the officers on their insurance (if the balance of the officers here will receive enough compensation to nearly pay the premiums on their insurance (if they are lucky).

A BASEBALL CHALLENGE

The baseball team of Ward I-4 herewith defies the Hospital ball team to play them a game of baseball, any time, any place and for any amount.

Sergt. Whitaker has been appointed manager of the team which will line-up as follows:

Pvt. Besseine, weight 93, going strong with his remaining lung will serve them up.

Sergt. Whitaker with half of one lung will receive.

Pvt. Stalling, with one lung, first base.

Pvt. Frankenberger, with one lung and one hand, will play short stop.

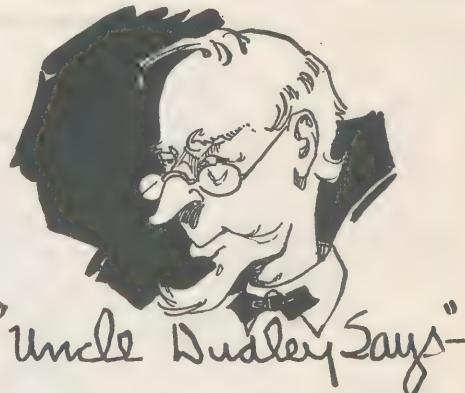
Sergt. Kegley, one lung will play second.

Pvt. Briggs, with one lung, will play third.

Pvt. Hucknow, has special nurse at all times, will play right field.

Pvt. Trainakaus, as he says, Tb inside and outside, left field.

Pvt. Castle, with one lung and acute rheumatism will play center.



"Runnin' a bluff iz a hull lot like goin' fer a walk thru a wood full o' these here chiggers—it is powerful sartin' t' show up on ye later."

"Fer instance: there iz a feller here in Oteen whut hez been a-gittin' a gee wallopin' lot o' packags o' candy en sich stuff frum th' city; en he hez made a pow'rful lot o' fuss a' braggin' about how strong he wuz with th' ladies; en then one day dere kum a post card whut sez ez follers: 'Dear sir, unless you pay your bill at onct, no more candy en, etc., will be sent to yer' —en all th' fellers seed it.

Yep, it don't do no good to bluff no-how!"

★ ★

"After yer ole Uncle hez spent a hull durned month a-tryin' t' do a leetle job like this here Reconstruckshun gang iz s'posed t' help a feller with, en not git-tin' anywhere a-tall, we rars up t' ask when in Sam Hill air they a-goin' t' start t' reconstruct th' Reconstruckshun Department?"

★ ★

"My ideer o' nuthin' t' do iz th' job that this here Ed. Radford hez. Th' only draw-back iz that th' preesent price o' leather makes it so durned 'xpensive a-havin' th' seats o' a feller's breeches patched up. No other material but leather kin stand th' amount o' settin' around he does!"

★ ★

"Before my Nervy, Capt. Alexander begun t' boss this here ball bizness, th' re-ports o' th' game wuz ez follers: 'Th' X.Y.Z. ball team played a practice game o' ball Tuesday, among them present wuz a few fans en th' Oteen ball team.'"

★ ★

"Howsumever, yer ole Uncle hez a pow-erful hunch that Oteen is a-goin' t' hev a ball team now that is goin' t' be powerful disturbin' t' other ball gangs around these here parts. Go to it, fellers, ye hev been rubbed in th' dust long enuf—now let's rar up en snort!"



LAST PAYMENT ON BONDS OF FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

In answer to the question of "When is my Liberty Bond paid for?" The Fourth Liberty Loan Bonds will be paid for out of the July pay. Deductions for \$50 bonds should be \$4.83 and on \$100 bonds \$9.66. This month completes the payment on Fourth Liberty Loan Bonds. On the 1st of August, the Personnel Office will secure the address to which the bond is to be delivered, and prompt delivery of bonds will be made. If you are discharged before the end of this month, the total amount already deducted from your pay for Fourth Liberty Loan Bonds will be credited to you on your final pay.

INTERESTED? CALL ON LT. BISON-NETTE

One year enlistments for the Medical Department have been authorized by the Secretary of War. Previous military service is not necessary and it is expected the Medical Department will receive a large number of men under this call.

YANKS SELL MEDALS TO PURCHASE FOOD

American Distinguished Service crosses and French War crosses won by American soldiers on the battlefields of France at risk of their lives are obtainable in New York pawnshops for the insignificant sum of \$5. Several pawnshop proprietors, who displayed the gayly ribboned emblems of heroism in their dingy shops explained that they had been sold outright by soldiers who felt the pangs of hunger, but were too proud to beg, and because their "pawn" value was insufficient to purchase a square meal.

PAY OF ENLISTED MEN

Newspaper reports that the pay of enlisted men will revert after the present emergency to the pre-war scale are incorrect. The Army appropriation act approved July 11, 1919, provides that the provisions of the act of Congress approved May 18, 1917, in so far as it increases the pay of the enlisted men of the Army, are continued in force and effect from and after the date of approval of the appropriation act, approved July 11, 1919.

DON'TS FOR HOUSEWIVES

Have you a returned soldier in your home? And would you like him to be happy? Then follow this advice, approved by Colonel Woods, assistant to the Secretary of War.

Feed him well and you will make him happy. Give him good food, plain cooking and very fancy cooking. But remember that he has acquired certain inalienable hatreds.

Don't give him beans. Green beans are all right. But never give him the comedy beans.

Don't give him hash. Not even if he liked it before.

Don't give him rice pudding. It will make him think he is forcibly fed.

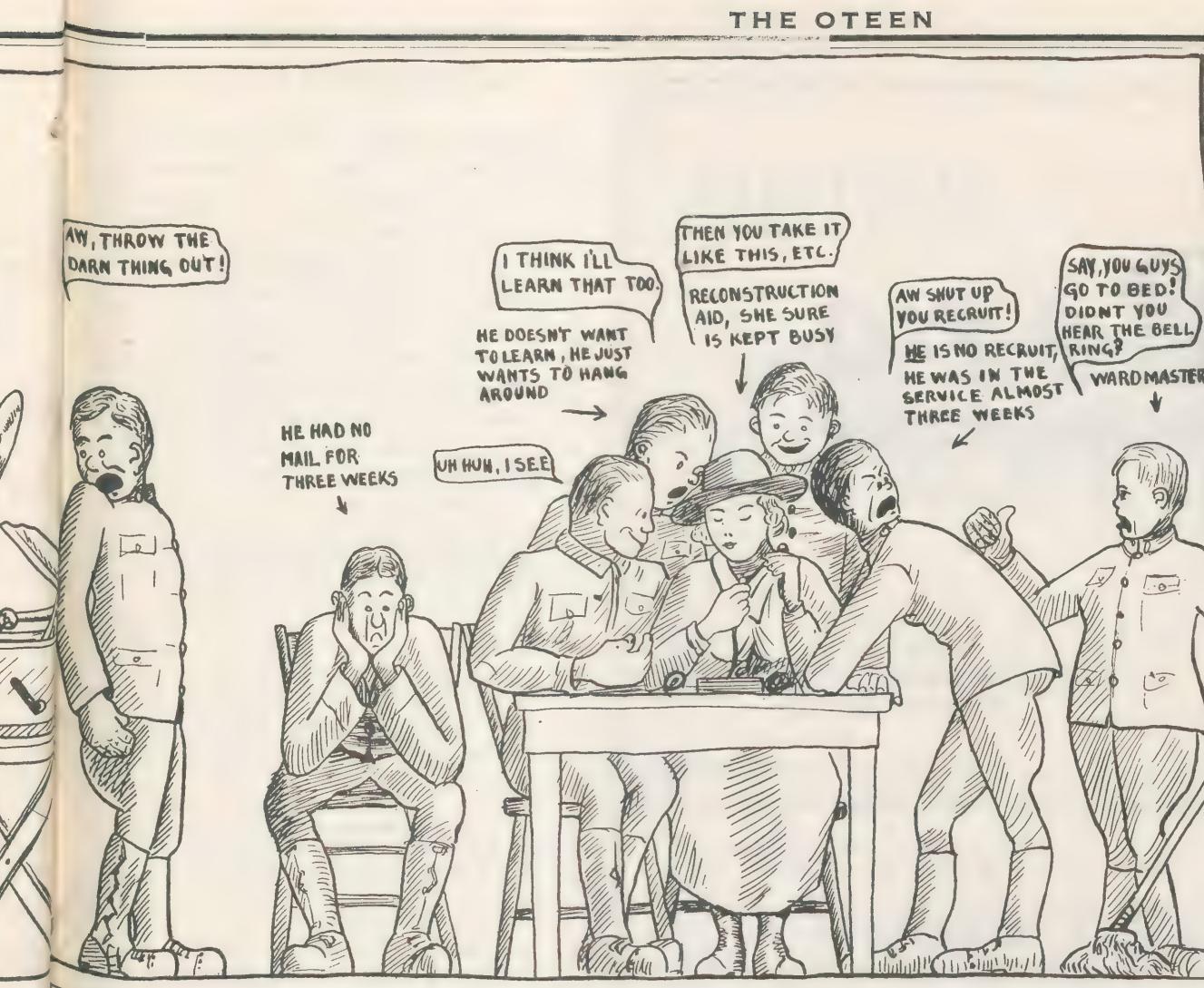
Don't give him condensed milk.

Don't give him Irish stew. He used to call it "slum" in the army. He no longer desires it.

Don't give him horse meat. You wouldn't always, but nevertheless—don't.

This leaves a number of pleasant dishes which you may serve him.

—U. S. War Department.



LT. STENBUCK JOINS CIVILIAN ARMY

This week witnessed the departure of one of the most popular and best known medical officers of this Post. Lt. Jos. B. Stenbuck, member of the S.C.D. Board, Medical Supply officer, officer in charge of Dispensary and owner of the hesitating Buick, has received his much sought for discharge and gone back to his home in Brooklyn to hang out his shingle.

Lt. Stenbuck has been stationed at Oteen since early last September, coming to us from G. H. 17, Markletown, Pa. He is known to many thru his work on the S.C.D. Board, and his interest in all activities relating to the Post. In his mind

THE OTEEN originally was fathered, and ever since its inception has shown his paternal interest. We bid the Lieutenant farewell with the hope that other days may bring us together once again. May the future treat him kindly and grant the realization of all his ambitions.

CIVILIAN WAR WORKERS NUMBER FIFTEEN MILLION

It is conservatively estimated that for every soldier abroad there were four war workers necessary in this country. It took approximately 15,000,000 civilians to keep the soldiers in the field fully equipped and supplied. Some estimate even more than six civilians at home to one soldier abroad. With all these civilians, as well as the thousands of returning soldiers, looking for work, job hunting promises to become one of the fine arts.

REG'LAR FELLER

Here is a tale, told in London, about the Prince of Wales:

The Prince turned up one day at an officers' mess behind the lines on the western front and asked if he could be favored with luncheon.

"Certainly," replied a bright young subaltern, "but who the devil are you?"

"I'm the Prince of Wales," replied the heir to the throne, with a weary smile, "but for God's sake forget it."

NERVIEST GUYS IN THE WORLD

That civilian next door whom the draft board exempted on account of having a weak heart, trying to get a loan of his friend the soldier who is home on a furlough.

The soldier who grubs cigarettes off the fellow, the day after he cleaned him up in a crap game.

The guy who knows you're sad, because the girl you love has thrown you down, telling you of the wonderful time he spent in her company and what a peach of a baby she is.

The guy who comes back from his weekend at 2 in the morning and wakes you up to ask if you got a match

The fellow who sits next to you at the mess table, after taking the beans from under your nose, and putting them all in his plate, tells you to ask the K. P. to bring him some bread.

The gink who owes you \$5 coming around immediately after receiving his pay, to borrow five more so he can have a juicy bank roll to blow in on the Jane he's got a date with tonight.

—The Castle.

Mr. Editor:

You asked me to write something for your columns. But frankly I can't write worth a darn. But I do draw a little and I've been sitting here all day catching the different "birds" in my ward at their work and play. Perhaps this will tell a better story than I am able to write. I've been in a lot of wards in my young life—and this story in line tells the story of any ward in the world—with its alleged humorists—reg'lar fellers, joy killers—and every type peculiar unto himself. You know what I mean. We're all chasing the cure, and it's the bright spots that are only worth talking about. Hope this drawing will prove one. I thank you!

—Pvt. Babinetz.

Bevo

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RECONSTRUCTION NOTES

Moving Day! Everybody moving! And everybody mad! Nobody wants to move ever even for the best.

★ ★

"First one ant came bearing one grain of corn; then another ant bearing another grain of corn; then another ant—this performance repeated ad lib.; the difference being that instead of ants and grains of corn, each Aide carried a treasured armful of hats, dresses, boxes, baskets, and, of course, her forty pairs of shoes.

★ ★

Miss Barron, Miss Bergesland, and Miss Sullivan and Miss Merritt have received their discharges and left for home, sweet home.

★ ★

Mrs. Morriss, Mrs. Harter, Miss Speed and Miss Tull are on leave. Miss Tull is enjoying hers on the post. It seems that *he* is here.

★ ★

Miss Hume has left the service and has accepted a position with the Red Cross at Camp Sevier, S. C.

★ ★

The dancing class for the nurses and aides has progressed to the one-step. Get in line ye officers if you would keep up with the social whirl.

★ ★

Miss Richmond has joined Miss Ball in the wearing of widow's weeds, so rumor says—and we know that a certain lieutenant has been discharged.

★ ★

Mrs. Knight's son, Robert, is visiting her. Welcome to our barracks, Bobby.

★ ★

Hurrah, a new supply of dresses are to be allotted to the Aide's barracks. Not that they are needed but we like to look at them.

★ ★

Miss Tull accounts for her loss of appetite and blooming cheeks by the statement that "Ernest is here!"

★ ★

To show their patriotism the aides have decided to save Uncle Sam the cost of their breakfasts.

★ ★

Miss Keenan has returned from her leave of absence. She speaks casually of such things as ten o'clock breakfasts, regular dinners and a room all by herself.

HOW TO PLAY POKER

The first and most important requirement is money.

The next is a deck of cards.

The next is that you make sure you play with friends because they may treat you once in a while and in that way you will get something, at least, for your money.

At the beginning of each hand you "ante." At the end of the game it's usually "uncle," at which time you bid fond farewell to some favorite piece of jewelry.

You then pick up your cards and after keeping the best ones you "feed the kitty." "Feeding the kitty" is a common occurrence with both married and single men. The first are forced to, while the second do it willingly.

When the bidding is "raised" beyond your depth, you "pass" (so does the money you have in the pot).

It is a poor policy to "stick your nose in" on a "pair of ladies," as the ladies, you doubt know, generally cause a lessening of the weight of your pocketbook.

In some games a player is allowed to "breathe," while in others they don't even leave you enough strength to take a breath.

If a player lays down his hand and says, "Kings full," don't think he is talking about three diluted gentlemen, because a hand like that is enough to make any man sober.

There are only two things to know about poker; you pick up your cards and lay down your money; your opponent picks up his cards and your money.

After you have finished playing, go to your best friend and borrow enough to last until pay day.

Ask Zabin!

—Ex.

"SIR THE DETAIL'S CORRECT!"

"We are all militarist now," said Lt. White.

"I was being shaved at the Post barber shop the other day when a grizzled chap in a captain's uniform came in. He saluted smartly and seated himself in the chair next to my own.

"'Haircut,' he said in gruff tones.

"'How would you like it cut, sir?' the barber asked.

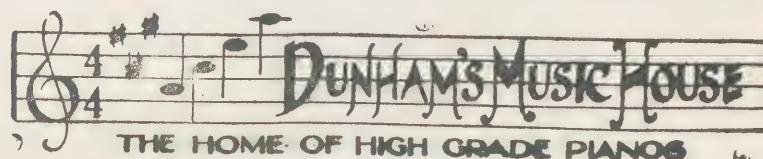
"The captain, who was baldish, answered, gruffer than ever:

"'Line up the hair and number off to the right. Odd numbers each want a half-inch. Dress smartly with bay rum and brilliantine. Then dismiss.'"

DRINK



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THE BUSY CORNER

PHONES: PRESCRIPTIONS 116, SUNDRIES 117, YOURS 117

TAKE OFF YOUR HAT TO THIS SCOTCHMAN

Washington, Aug. 15.—"A home of my own, a farm of my own, and a wife of my own." One of the boys disabled in the second battle of the Marne was talking to the vocational adviser of the Federal Board of Vocational Education. A smile wrinkled the corners of his Scotch blue eyes, and defied any one to say he couldn't make those three wishes come true.

He didn't have to convince the adviser of the possibility of it, because he had some of those boys who had come home wounded put up a fight for success and win. There wasn't any need either to have much discussion as to what this big Scotchman wanted to do, because that farm stood out pretty clearly as the foundation for those other hopes. After a little talk arrangements were made for him to take a good course in general farming, and because it is always wise to be a specialist in these days, he was going to put great stress on animal husbandry.

Choose a man with a love for his work, and give him something to work for, and you have necessarily got a success. Our Scotchman is proving himself one. He is making a great record at college, and that threefold goal seems fairly within sight.

If you see him anywhere, take off your hat. You will recognize him by that Scotch smile and a watch charm he has made out of the shrapnel he brought home from the Marne via his back.

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What an Endorsement
for QUALITY this is!

THE "OLE SWIMMIN' HOLE"

When you're in the fields a-workin'
 An' the sun is shinin' high
 An' the heat begins a-dryin' up your soul
 Then you begin a-thinkin' of the days
 that's long gone by,
 When you splashed about that dear ole
 swimmin' hole.

When you an' Spike and Shinney hid your
 books beneath the shack,
 On those days when you played hookey
 from your school.
 You'd cut across the meadow down along
 the railroad track
 And you'd make a beeline for that mud-
 dy pool.

Then you'd have a race undressing, just to
 see who'd get in first,
 An' you'd take a runnin' hop and skip
 and jump
 Diving deep into the water, down so deep
 you tho't you'd burst,
 But you'd come up holding tight a mud-
 dy lump.

In your heart there comes a longing while
 you're toiling in the fields,
 And those tender memories stir your very
 soul.

Your fancy starts a-roamin' back to child-
 hood's happy days.
 When you splashed about the dear "ole
 swimmin' hole.'

—Pvt. Albert A. Braum.

U. S. General Hospital No. 19
 buy most of its eggs from

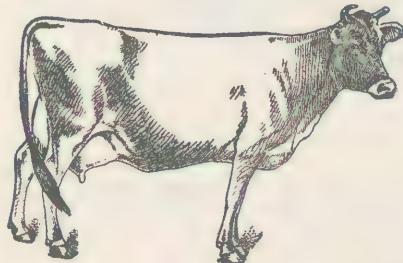
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Doesn't this speak well for
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BARBEE-CLARK CIGAR & TOB. CO.

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Oh! I say, buddy! Are you waiting for that discharge? And have you thought of what you're going to do when you're out? Listen here's a man's job: Up in Maryland there's a place by name Indian Head, Md. At this thriving locality there is what is called the Naval Proving Ground. We recently received a letter from the Inspector up there giving us information as to certain vacancies. If you haven't considered your future occupation after you're back in "civies," we think this will look pretty good to you.

Listen—there's the position of battery attendant the duties of which comprises preparation of the guns for firing and breaking them down afterward; minor repair and adjustment of gun parts; handling of charges at guns; rough records of test; measurement and angle range work; handling by crane or gantry of heavy part; occasional relief as inside recorder.

The pay when you first go in is \$4.40 a day—which makes over \$120 a month—just four times what you get now—then after a short apprenticeship at the guns, provided you show reasonable improvement, the rate of pay is advanced to \$5.12 a day—second-class ordnance men—then later to first-class ordnance at \$5.60. Pretty good well we'll say so!

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model town now has under construction—the U. S. Housing Corporation.

If you are interested write to Captain H. E. Lackey, U. S. Navy, Inspector of Ordnance in charge, Naval Proving Ground, Indian Head, Md.; mention this letter which we have received and your application will be given favorable consideration. From time to time we expect to be officially placed in touch with similar positions, so be on the lookout!

KITTY-CATS

"Your friend Marguerita has such a lovely brown hair,"
I said to Alberta, whose locks are fair.
"Oh, yes," purred the girl with a soft feline scratch,
"I helped her select it—a very good match."

"Alberta has lovely complexion," I said
To her friend, Marguerita, who tossed up her head

As she answered "Yes—charming she buys
it from Knox—
It's a very expensive—a dollar a box."

—Harriet T. Cooke.

HIS SINKING SPELL

Old Father Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get his poor self a drink.
But when he got there
The cupboard was bare,
So he got him a drink at the sink.

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A mild Havana for men of discriminating taste, is now on sale at

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Lake Juanita—Weaverville

—O—

MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS AND FRIDAYS

THE DIVORCE

Persons: Judge World; Mrs. Peace plaintiff; Mr League, defendant.

Judge—On what grounds do you bring this action for divorce, madam?

Mrs. Peace—For threatening my existence, Your Honor. I won't last two years if joined to the defendant.

J. W. (to defendant)—Have you anything to say in your own defense, Mr. League?

Mr. L.—Nothing, Your Honor, except that I'm so much more important than she is.

J. W.—Who told you that?

Mr. L.—The Greatest Man Ever.

(All rise and bow respectively.)

J. W.—That point's settled, anyhow. Are there any other grounds?

Mrs. P.—Yes, Your Honor; refusal to support Monroe Doctrine, a child of mine by a former marriage.

J. W.—Have you anything to say to that, Mr. League?

Mr. L.—May it please the court Monroe Doctrine's a nuisance, very disagreeable to the neighbors and of doubtful legitimacy, anyhow.

J. W.—Who's your authority for that?

Mr. L.—The Man Who Knows.

(All rise and bow as before.)

J. W.—Well, that's established, at all events. Have you any other complaints?

Mrs. P.—Yes, Your Honor. He's always adopting little Utopias and forcing me to support them.



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Them at Home.

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The Pelton Studio

Next to Princess Theatre

J. W.—How about that, Mr. League?
 Mr. L.—I was ordered to, Your Honor.
 J. W.—By whom, pray?
 Mr. L.—By the Man Who Came Across.
 (Obeisances as before.)

J. W.—The Highest Authority seems to be against you, madam. I'm afraid I shall have to refuse you a divorce. But, by the way, how do you two happen to have different names if you're married?

(Mr League and Mrs. Peace look at each other doubtfully.)

Mrs. P.—Well, you see, Your Honor, it was only a trial marriage.

J. W. (shocked)—Only a trial marriage? I'll fine you both for contempt of court. Case dismissed, with costs on—
 ME. —W. H. Whitlock in *Life*.

WHAT'S A BELT BETWEEN FRIENDS?

At a regular Saturday morning inspection a private was not wearing his belt.

First Sergeant—Have you a belt?

Private—No, sir.

First Sergeant—You report to the quartermaster sergeant for a new one, and don't forget to tell him to charge you for the one you lost. I'll stop this carelessness!

Private—All right, Top, but I loaned you the belt about two months ago.

WILLING TO LEARN

"Do you think you could ever learn to love me" he asked as he gave her a squeeze.

"I don't know," replied the summer girl, "but go on with the course of instructions."

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The Seventh Season of the Pioneer Tea-Room of the North Carolina Mountains. It is said to be the most artistically furnished Colonial Tea-Room in the United States.

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Summer Schedule, Effective July 1, 1919.

HENDERSONV'E TO ASHEVILLE

Leave at	9:00 a. m.
Leave at	10:00 a. m.
Leave at	1:30 p. m.
Leave at	4:15 p. m.
Leave at	6:00 p. m.
Leave at	7:00 p. m.

ASHEVILLE TO HENDERSONV'E

Leave at	8:30 a. m.
Leave at	10:00 a. m.
Leave at	1:00 p. m.
Leave at	4:00 p. m.
Leave at	6:00 p. m.
Leave at	7:00 p. m.

SUNDAY SCHEDULE

HENDERSONV'E TO ASHEVILLE

Leave at	9:00 a. m.
Leave at	2:00 p. m.
Leave at	6:00 p. m.

ASHEVILLE TO HENDERSONV'E

Leave at	9:00 a. m.
Leave at	1:00 p. m.
Leave at	6:00 p. m.

Cars leave Hendersonville from Rose Pharmacy
 Cars leave Asheville from Smith's Drug Store

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MARY PICKFORD
 IN HER FAMOUS PICTURE
“Daddy Longlegs”

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First authentic showing of over 200 models of the most stunning creations for the coming fall. Silk Beavers, Hatter's Plush, Duyvetine, Velvet and Feather combinations. Straight Sailors, Mushrooms, Poke and Chick Little Turbans are the predictions of the fashion authorities for milady's hat wear for the coming season. Priced—

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THE LEADER

Asheville's New Big Store

10 & 12 PATTON AVENUE

PHONE 1097

One of the funniest of all the humorous things with which Mary Pickford's new and best feature, "Daddy Long Legs," which will be seen at the Galax theatre on next Monday and Tuesday, August 11th and 12th, is loaded in a series of scenes in which Mary, as Judy Abbott, takes too much hard cider.

The funny little "drunk" is not indulged in by Judy Abbott, the orphan child Miss Pickford plays, with malice aforethought. It happens that she and a funny little orphan with a very freckled face have just lead a "prune strike" in which they have sought to obtain better food for the children of the asylum, who are fed on thin soup and prunes.

The tyrannical head matron has won the battle, being a large woman able to dominate the cowering little waifs who are charges of the institution, and to punish Judy, and the little boy who aided her in encouraging the children to strike, the matron puts them out in the yard with nothing to eat. A thief who has been stealing from a passing wagon throws over the fence a jug of hard cider, and some sandwiches.

Judy and the boy have been praying for food. They think this dropped from Heaven, and proceed to eat and drink without inquiring into the nature of the donation. So it happens that in the most innocent way both children become "happy." Miss Pickford's portrayal of the surprised Judy, who punishes her enemies, gives jam to all the children and defies the orgie of a matron is wonderfully done.

RANK

You thought that I thought it romantic,
 Just Romeo-stuff when I kissed you,
 When I reached the far side of the Atlantic

You smiled when I wrote how I missed you.

You thought that squads east, the Atlantic
 And distance and war quite convinces
 A fellow he ought to grow frantic
 And rave of his "Far-Away Princess!"

Well, perhaps my farewell was romantic,
 And here's nothing to prove that I miss you,

But you'll know it's no movie-star's antic
 That day that we land, and I kiss you.

—From "About Face."

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